Good item
for

$$\begin{array}{r} 97 \\ 14 \\ \hline 148 \\ 37 \\ \hline 5106 \end{array}$$

HYMNS,

TEMPERANCE ODES, &C.

SUNG AT THE

JUVENILE CONCERTS.

TAUGHT BY

J. F. & D. KEMMERER.

PHILADELPHIA,
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1.—*The Singing School.*

1.

I remember, I remember how my days are fleeting by,
Then I will go to Singing School and learn to sing I'll try
'Tis there I learn the downward, hither, thither, upward beat,
And there I'll sing the upward scale and downward scale complete.
So then unto the Singing School I'll always try to go,
And sing do se la la sol sol fa mi ray mi ray do.

2.

Oh what delightful songs we sing when we together meet,
When youthful voices swell in strains of harmony so sweet,
O tis a pleasant thing to sing those songs from day to day,
Nor from this cheerful happy place would I desire to stay,
So then unto the Singing School I'll always try to go
And Sing do se la la sol sol fa mi ray my ray do.

2.—*I'll Awake at the Dawn.*

1. I'll awake at the dawn on the Sabbath day,
For 'tis wrong to doze holy time away,
With my lesson learned, this shall be my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

2. Birds awake betimes every morn they sing,
None are tardy then, when the woods do ring,
Nor will I forget that it is my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

3. When the summer sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey, none are tardy then—
So when Sunday comes this shall be my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

3.—*Crowning the Saviour.*

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small
Hail Him who saved you by his grace
And crown him Lord of all.

3. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all,

4. Teachers, who surely know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

5. May we with heaven's rejoicing throng
Before his presence fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all,

4.—*How the Angels Sing.*

1. Hark how the angels sing,
Anthems from heaven,
Tidings of joy they bring,
Jesus is given;
He comes the world to own,
Earth hail thy King,

Children come seek his throne,
Your praises bring.

2 O lovely Bethlehem,
Had we been there,
Guarding our tender lambs
With fondest care;
We with the shephard throng
Flowers would bear,
With the rose and the song,
Glad'ning the air.

3. Still in the temple here
He deigns to dwell,
Deeming sweet childhood's prayer
Richest perfume,
No flowret's he'll receive,
Strew'd at his feet,
While the song childhood gives,
To him is sweet.

4. O may these little ones,
In yonder heaven,
Worship before the throne,
Where joy is given;
Where flowers that never die
Lov'd angels bring,
In the world o'er the sky,
With them we'll sing.

5.—*Sunday School Scholar's Experience.*

1. 'Twas on a Sabbath morning,
When not a cloud was seen;
With beauty, earth adorning,
Fair nature smil'd serene.
Far from my home I wander'd,
To seek some earthly toy,

And in my mind I ponder'd,
Oh, what can yield me joy?

2. I saw a form, advancing
With a peculiar grace;
On me her eyes were glancing,
While pity deck'd her face,
She spoke in accents tender,
Of Jesus' love to me.
To him my heart to render,
And humbly bow the knee.

3. Her prayer to God ascended—
"Lord bless the wandering child;"
And soon our hands were blended
For joy I wept and smil'd.
To Sabbath School she led me,
And there I learned to pray,
To read the Holy Bible,
And keep the Sabbath Day.

4. I love my School and Teachers,
And all my fellow youth;
I love the faithful Preachers
Who teach us Heavenly truth.
I love the Sacred Temple,
And those who worship there;
I'll follow their example,
And join in praise and prayer.

6.—*We'll not give up the Bible.*

1 We'll not give up the bible,
God's holy book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth,
The lamp which sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road,

The voice which speaks a Saviour's love,
And leads us home to God.
We'll not give up the bible,
God's holy book of truth.

2 We'll not give up the bible,
But if ye force away
What is as our own lifeblood dear,
We still with joy could say—
"The words that we have learn'd while young,
Shall follow all our days,
For they're engraven on our hearts,
And you cannot erase."
We'll not give up, &c.

3 We'll not give up the bible—
We'll shout it far and wide;
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide—
Till all shall know that we though young,
Withstand each treach'rous art;
And that from God's own sacred word
We'll never, never part,
We'll not give up, &c.

7.—*Shed not a Tear.*

1.

Shed not a tear o'er your friends early bier
When I am gone, I am gone.
Smile if the slow tolling bell you should hear
When I am gone, I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand around my grave
Think who has died his beloved to save,
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall wear,
When I am gone, I am gone.

2.

Shed not a tear when you stand round my grave
When I am gone, I am gone;

Sing a sweet song unto him who doth save,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Sing to the Lamb who on earth once was slain,
Sing to the lamb who in Heaven doth reign,
Sing till the world shall be fill'd with his name
When I am gone, I am gone.

3.

Plant ye a tree that will wave over me.
When I am gone, I am gone,
Sing ye a song if my grave you should see,
When I am gone, I am gone,
Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
Come when the sun sheds its last glimmering ray,
Come and rejoice that I thus past away,
When I am gone, I am gone.

8.—*Wake and Sing.*

1. Wake and sing, brothers, sisters sing,
Virtue's sons should ever
Happy, happy, be,
Naught should them dissever
From their merry glee,
Wake and sing, brothers, sisters sing,
Heaven itself with kindest pleasure
Lists to hear our joyful measure.
Wake and sing, &c.

2. Dear this place, sweet this day,
Hail, ye smiles of being,
Tinged with golden light,
Clouds of sorrow fleeing,
Leaves our sunbeam bright.
Wake and sing, brothers, sisters sing,
Sing, O sing, a day is near us
When eternal joy shall cheer us.
Wake and sing, &c.

3. Wake and sing, brothers, sisters sing,
Ever let us cherish
Deeds of love and truth,
So when time shall perish,
Fresh shall be our youth,
Wake and sing brothers, sisters sing,
Heaven with watchful care shall guard us,
Heaven with boundless good reward us,
Wake and sing, &c.

9.—*ROUND.*

Good evening brother—how do you do?
Very well, I thank you—how are you?
Cheerily sing us a song or two,
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

10.—*Great is the Lord.*

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised,
And greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised
In the city of our God, in the city of our God
In the mountain of his holiness,
In the city of our God, in the city of our God,
In the mountain of his holiness,
In the city of our God in the city of our God,
In the mountain of his holiness,
In the mountain of his holiness,
A———men. A———men.

11.—*A ROUND.*

Humble is my little cottage,
Yet it is the seat of bliss,
Anger never dwells among us,
Only peaceful happiness,
Kindness there you will always see,
And the sweetest harmony.

12.—*The Pilgrim.*

I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
  I can tarry, I can tarry but a night,
Do not detain me for I'm going,
  To where the streamlets are ever flowing,
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
  I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2

There the sunbeams are ever shining,
  I am longing, I am longing for the sight,
Within a country forlorn and dreary,
  I have been travelling forlorn and dreary,
    I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3

In that country to which I'm travelling,
  My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light,
There is no sorrow nor any sighing,
  Not any sin there nor any dying.
    I'm a pilgrim, etc.

13.—*There's Much Good Cheer.*

The summer's smile we ever greet,
We love its berries fresh and sweet;
And autumn comes with welcome glee,
O yes, its fruits I long to see.
And all the years 'tis filled with good
To us who sail on youth's bright flood;
We let our pleasures take the wing,
And ever, ever, sing.

2. Pray tell, why should our hearts be sad?
Yes, yes, why should we not be glad?
We've food and drink, and clothes to wear,
And all for which we need to care:
Come on, then, let us merry be,
There's none so happy, none as we;

Come let us shout and let us sing,
Till echoes make the welkin ring.

14.—*Children's Song.*

1 Hosanna be the children's song
To Christ the children's King;
His praise to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.
Hosanna, Hosanna, let all the children sing,
Hosanna, Hosanna, let all the children sing.

2 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.
Hosanna, etc.

3 Hosanna then our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King,
This is the children's jubilee,
Let all the children sing.
Hosanna, etc.

15.—*Good Night.*

1. Good night, one song before we part,
In friendship and delight;
May love flow sweetly from heart to heart,
And each bid all—good night.
Good night, dear friends, good night;
Good night, dear friends, good night;
May love flow sweetly from heart to heart,
And each bid all—good night.

2. Good night dear friends, may happy days
Make every vision bright
And each one bathe in the golden rays,
Where none will say good night.

Good night dear friends, good night;
Good night, dear friends, good night;
And each one bathe in the golden rays,
Where none will say good night,

16.—*O Come, Come Away.*

1

Oh come come away, from labor now reposing,
Let busy care a while forbear, O come come away,
Come come our social joys renew,
And there were truth and friendship grew
Let true hearts welcome you, Oh come come away.

2

While sweet philomel the weary traveller cheering
With evening songs her notes prolong, O come come away,
In answering songs of sympathy
We'll sing in tuneful harmony
Of hope, joy, liberty, O come come away.

3

The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appearing,
With silver light illume the night, O come come away,
Come join your prayers with our address,
Kind heaven our peaceful homes to bless,
With health, hope, happiness, O come come away.

17.—*The Sunset Tree.*

1. Come to the sunset tree,
The day is past and gone,
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done,
The twilight star to Heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,

And rest to us is given
By the cool soft evening hours,
Come to the sunset tree, etc.

2. Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie—
When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.
Come to the sunset tree, etc.

18.—*We are from the Mountains.*

1. We have come from the mountains
We have come from the mountains,
We have come from the mountains,
Of the old granite state;
We're the sons of Mary,
We're the tribe of Jesse,
And we now address you,
In our native mountain song.

2. In our school we are united,
With instructions we're delighted,
To the Saviour we're invited,
And the Bible is our rule:
In our hearts we bless it,
To our bosom press it,
And our lips caress it,
Tis our guide in Sabbath School

3. We are childred of the nation,
Fair Columbia is our station,
And the Bible's our foundation,
In this free and happy land;

And there's none shall sever!
Native hearts no never,
We are one for ever,
And on Freedom's rock we stand.

19.—*The Busy Bee.*

O say, busy bee, whither now are you going,
Whither now are you going, to work or to play?
I am bound to the garden where roses are blooming
For I must be making sweet honey to day,
Sweet honey, sweet honey,
For I must be making sweet honey to day.

2

O say pretty dove whither now are you flying,
Whither now are you flying to London or Rome?
I am bound to my nest where my partner is sighing,
And waiting for me in my snug little home,
Little home—little home—
And waiting for me in my snug little home.

3

So we all so happy, while daily advancing
In wisdom and knowledge, in virtue and love,
Will sing on our way, in our progress rejoicing,
As brisk as a bee, and as true as a dove.
Will sing—will sing—
As brisk as a bee, and as true as a dove.

20.—*ANTHEM.*

And they brought unto Jesus, young children that he should touch them; And his disciples rebuked them that brought them.

But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased and said unto them, Suffer little children to come unto me; And forbid them not; For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord, Amen.

21.—*When Morning Light.*

1, When the morning light drives away the night
With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine
I'll away to Sabbath School.
For 'tis there we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be
At the Sabbath School.
I'll away! away! I'll away! away.
I'll away to Sabbath School!

2. On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze playes around the trees
To the Sabbath School I go,
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath-breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home,
For the Sabbath School.
I'll away, etc.

3. In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there,
In the book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath School,
I'll away, etc.

4. May the dews of grace fill the hallowed place
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows
Shall a sweet perfume exhale,
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,

We will talk of moments o'er,
At the Sabbath School.
I'll away, etc.

22.—*Round—Haste to School.*

Awake for the daylight is breaking fast,
'Tis a beautiful Sabbath morning;
Delay not I pray you or you will be last,
The church bells are giving us warning.

We'll joyfully join in a song,
Of praise to our heavenly King,
Let earth the glad echo prolong,
All nature with ecstacy ring.

Haste, haste, quickly,
For we long to unite in the hymn,
Haste, haste, quickly,
For we long to unite in the hymn.

23.—*Round for three Voices.*

How sweet to be roaming
When summer is blooming,
Through woodland and grove,
Through woodland and grove.

How sweet to be roaming
When summer is blooming,
Through woodland and grove
Through woodland and grove.

How sweet, How sweet,
How sweet to be roaming
When summer is blooming,
Through woodland and grove.

24.—*New Year's Hymn.*

1

Come welcome this meeting with anthems of joy,
In hymns of thanksgiving our voices employ;
And mingle our tribute of gratitude here,
To him who has blessed us with a happy meeting,

CHORUS.

Happy meeting to you, Happy meeting to you,
Dear friends & companions, happy meeting to you,
With voices of gladness and hearts full of cheer,
We wish you—we wish you— a happy meeting.

2.

The wide spreading pinions of Time as the wave,
Are sweeping us on to our rest in the grave,
But rising with Jesus, we'll meet without fear,
On the bright side of Jordan with a happy meeting.

3.

At each year returning may joy be thy guest,
Till life's fading sunset shall sleep in the west;
And when at the Judgment we all shall appear,
O then may we greet you with a happy meeting.

25.—*Sing ye Children.*

1 Sing ye children, Jesus loves you;
Jesus loves your artless lays,
Sure the glorious prospect cheers you,
To be trained in wisdom's ways.
Let your voices, let your voices,
Echo loud the Saviours praise.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah praise ye the Lord.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above,
Praise the mount—I'm fixe'd upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.
Let your voices, etc.

26.—*German Chorus.*

1. Kompt Breedar kompt weer Eilen fort
Nauch Nie Yaru-sau-lem,
Far-mar-rickt Ere nicht dee gild-na Phort,
Dee dorten for eich glimpt.
Ine saylich-ar ort ist mine Faudar laund,
Ich winsha so sayre tsoo sine daur,
Kompt angel oond reiche meer dee haund,
Oond bring mich dame orta bauld nau.

2. Dort sing-en weer yau imer dau,
Dee shanesta mel o dee,
Dee nemaules dau chasoongen waur,
Ihm gaunzen laben dau.
Ine saylich-ar ort, &c.

27.—*German Anthem.*

Shautz eeber aulla Shetz a,
O Yasu leab-ster Shautz,
Ann dame ich mich argetza,
Here haub ich keinen platz,
Oond aulla gooten gauben,
Kom-men oben har fone Got,
Fome shanen gnauden himmel,
Fome shanen gnauden himmel,
Fome shanen gnauden himmel har-aub

28.—*Bring Wreaths.*

1. Bring wreaths, green wreaths, our joyful hands
The glowing tints shall twine,
To celebrate our Saviour's birth,
The Children's Friend Divine;
Who drew them to his fav'ring arms,
When sterner souls forbade,
And kindly on his shelt'ring breast,
Their heads reposing laïd.

Bring wreaths, green wreaths our joyful hands
Their glowing tints shall twine,
To celebrate our Saviour's birth,
The Children's Friend Divine.

2. But He, the babe of Bethlehem, slept
Uncradled and unsought,
No joyful hands with songs of praise,
Sweet buds and blossoms brought,
But horned brutes with heavy tread,
Their manger's guest survey'd,
And stupid oxen watch'd the bed,
Where Earth's Redeemer laid.
Bring wreaths, &c.

3. Sister, bring flowers, the winter rose,
Shall in our garland bloom,
For Him, who weeping Mary sought,
And found an empty tomb;
Still in our hearts the plants of love
A living stream should share,
Which flowing from his Holy word,
Shall keep them fresh and fair,
Bring wreaths, &c.

29.—*Pilgrim's Farewell.*

Farewell, Farewell, Farewell my freinds, I must be gone,
I have no home nor stay with you,
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view,
I'll march to Canaan's land,
I'll land on Canaan's shore,
Where pleasures never end,
And troubles come no more,
Farewell, Farewell, Farewell my loving friends
Farewell.

30.—*Echo Song, For Hollidays.*

1 Up the hills on a bright sunny morn,
Voices clear as the bugle horn,
List to the echoes as they flow,
Here we go, we go, we go!
Come, follow, follow me,
We'll come, we'll come with glee,
Hurrah, hurrah, we're free,
We'll follow follow thee.

2 Now by the streamlets pearly pure
Here we wander free secure,
See how the rippling waters flow,
On they go, they go, they go.
Come, follow, follow me, &c.

3 Now through the shady vale and grove,
Joyous happy, here we rove;
List to the songster's cheerful lay—
Happy day, happy day, happy day.
Come, follow, follow me, &c.

31.—*The Pearl of Great Price.*

1 The pearl that worldings covet,
Is not the pearl for me,
Its beauty fades as quickly,
As sun on the sea,
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
It's called the pearl of greatest price:
Though few its value see,
O that's the pearl for me,
O that's the pearl for me,
O that's the pearl for me.

2 The crown that decks the monarch,
Is not the crown for me,
It dazzles but a moment,

It's brightness soon will flee,
But there's a crown prepared above,
For all who walk in humble love,
Forever bright 'twill be,
O that's the crown for me, &c.

3 The road that many travel,
Is not the road for me;
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be,
But there's a road that leads to God,
It's marked by Christ's most precious blood,
The passage here is free.
O that's the road for me &c.

4 The hope that sinners cherish,
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free,
But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee,
O that's the hope for me, &c.

32.—*Religion is a Treasure.*

1 Religion is a glorious treasure,
The purchase of a Saviour's blood;
It fills the mind with consolation,
It lifts the heart to things above.
It calms our fears it soothes our sorrows,
It smooths the way o'er life's rough sea
Tis mixed with goodness, meek, humble patience
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

2 How vain, how fleeting, how transitory,
This world with all its pomp and show

Its vain delights and delusive pleasures,
I gladly leave them all below.
But grace and glory shall be my story,
While I in Jesus such beauties see,
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

3. This earthly house shall be dissolved,
And mortal life will soon be o'er,
All earthly cares and earthly sorrow,
Shall pain my heart and eyes no more
Yet pure religion remains forever,
And strengthened my glad heart shall be
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

33.—*The Child and the Snow Bird.*

1.

The ground was covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow-bird was sitting close by a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee,
Chick-a-dee, & merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee

2.

Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoos on his feet;
I pity him so! How cold he must be,
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

3.

If I were a barefooted snow-bird I know,
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow;
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee—
He's all the time singing that chick-a-dee-dee.

4.

O mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,
A frock, with a cloak, and a hat, if he choose;

I wish he'd come into the parlor and see,
How warm we could make him poor chick-a-dee dee

5.

I am grateful, he said, for the wish you express,
But I've no occasion for such a fine dress,
I'd rather remain with my limbs all free,
Than to hobble about singing chick-a-dee-dee.

6.

There is one my child tho' I cannot tell who
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too,
Good morning! O who are so happy as we!
And away he went singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

34.—*Bonaparts Grave.*

On a lone barren isle where the wile roaring billow
Assail the stern rock and the loud tempests rave,
The hero lies still while the dew drooping willow,
Like fond weeping mourners leaned over the grave.
The lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle,
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain,
He sleeps his last sleep,he has fought his lats battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

2

Oh shade of the mighty where now are the legions
That rushed but to conquer when thou ledst them on,
Alas they have perished in far hilly regions,
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone,
The trumpet may sound and the loud cannon rattle,
They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain,
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle
No sound can awake them to glory again.

3.

Yet spirit immortal the tomb cannot bind thee,
For like thine own eagle that soared to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind thee,
A name which before thee no mortal had won.
Though nations may combat, and wars thunder rattle,
No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain,
Thou sleepts thy last sleep thou hast, fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

35—*There's a good time a Coming.*

1 There's a good time coming boys,
A good time coming,
There's a good time coming boys,
Wait a little longer.
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray,
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger,
We'll win our battle by its aid,
Wait a little longer,
Oh there's a good time coming boys,
A good time coming,
There's a good time coming boys,
Wait a little longer.

2 There's a good time coming boys,
A good time coming,
There's a good time coming boys,
Wait a little longer,
Hateful rivalries of creed,

Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
In the good time coming,
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger,
And charity shall trim her lamp—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming boys,
A good time coming;
There's a good time coming boys,
Wait a little longer.
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake,
Wait a little longer,
Oh there's a good time coming boys,
A good time coming;
There's a good time coming boys,
Wait a little longer.

36.—*The Crystal Spring.*

1 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the burning sun is high;
When the rocks and the woods their shadow fling,
And the pearls and the pebbles lie.
2 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
Where the cooling breezes blow,
When the leaves of the trees are withering,
From the frost or the fleecy snow.
3 Give me a draught from the crystal sping,
When the ripening fruits appear,
When the reapers the song of the harvest sing,
And plenty has crown'd the year.

37.—*The Spider and the Fly.*

Will you walk into my parlor said the spider to the fly,
I'm glad to have the company of all I see go by,
You've only got to pop your head just withinside of my door,
You'll see so many curious things you never saw before,
Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in Mr. Fly?

2

Will you walk into my parlor said the spider to the fly,
I'm glad to have the company of all I see go by,
They go in, but don't come out again, I've heard of you before,
O yes they do, I always let them out at my back door;
Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in Mr. Fly?

3

What a pair of handsome wings you've got, said the spider to the fly,
Oh, if I had such a pair of wings, I in the air could fly,
But 'tis useless all my wishing, and only idle talk,
For you can fly up in the air, while I'm obliged to walk,
Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in pretty fly?

4

If you won't walk in, won't you shake hands, said the spider to the fly,
Before you leave me all alone in sorrow and to sigh,
Said the fly there's nothing handsome that unto you belongs,

I declare I would not touch you even with a pair tongs.
Won't you, &c.

5

Now for the last time I ask you, will you walk in Mr. Fly?
No, if I do, may I be shot, I'm off, so now good by,
Then up he sprang, but both his wings were in the web caught fast;
The spider laughed, ha ha my boy, I've got you safe at last,
Will you, will you, will you, will you walk out Mr. Fly?

6

Pray how do you do, how do you do, said the spider to the fly,
You fools will never wisdom learn, unless you dearly buy,
Tis vanity that always makes repentance come too late,
So those that into cobwebs run surely deserve their fate.
Remember then, O remember then this foolish little fly!

7

Now all young folks take warning by this foolish little fly,
Intemperance is the spider's web, to ensnare you it will try,
And though drinkers you may think my advice is quite a bore,
You're lost if you stand parleying beside the rummers door,
Take warning, O take warning by this foolish little fly.

38.—*The Gem of Temperance.*

1 O Temperance the gem of the nation,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee,
Thy mandates make heroes assemble
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When born by the red, white and blue.

1 When rum winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedoms's foundation
Conducted us safe through the storm,
With her garlands of victory o'er us,
See how bravely she bears her brave crew
With her flag so proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

3 Cold water, cold water bring hither,
And fill up the cup to the brim,
May the wreath it has won ne'er wither,
Nor the star of its glory grow dim;
May the subjects united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true,
Cold water, cold water for ever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

39.—*Temperance Song.*

Come all you who are fond of singing,
Let us set a song a ringing,
Sound the chorus strong and hearty,
And we'll make a jovial party.
Get out of the way, Old Sir Toddy,
You're a drunken thievish body.

Some love rum, and some love brandy,
And some drink what comes handy;
But we'll lump it in a body
And we'll call it Old Sir Toddy.
Get out of the way, &c.

He who drinks cold water only,
Ne'er will leave his fireside lonely,
But his home a happy place is
With its cleanly smiling faces.
Get out of the way, &c.

Toddy steals a man's good feelings,
He's a rogue in all his dealings,
Smirks and smiles until he's bound you,
Then, O crackey, how he'll pound you.
Get out of the way, &c.

Then we used to all get merry,
Drunk on rum; and corn'd on cherry,
Now we've a drink as sweet as honey,
Without price and with out money.
Get ont of the way with your brandy,
We've a drink that's just the dandy.

Time was once when every body,
Drank their gin or brandy toddy,
But now a new reform's begining,
Drinking liquor; now is sining.
Get out of the way, &c.

Mitchell set the ball a runing,
And gave notice of its coming,
How it roll'd to every station,
In our own great Yankee Nation,
Push it along keep it moving;
The temperance cause is still improving.

40.—*Come Soldiers Come.*

1 Come, come soldiers come!
Hark! 'tis the sound of the rolling drum,
Come, come soldiers come,
Hear ye the rolling drum,
When duty calls we'll all obey,
Tis glory summons us away,
And honor will our toils repay,
Come brother soldiers come.

2 Come, come soldiers come,
Hark! tis the sound of the rolling drum.
Come, come soldiers, come,
Hear ye the rolling drum.
With gallant hearts and ever ready hand,
For God and for his home and native land,
The valliant soldier gladly will obey,
The sacred call that summons him away.

3 And when the angry strife of battle's done,
Neath freedom's flag the glorious victor'y won
Returning peace, all care beguiles,
And he is greeted with her sweetest smiles.
Come, come soldiers come,
Hark! 'tis the sound of the rolling drum,
Come come soldiers come,
Hear ye the rolling drum.

41.—*Our Father in Heaven.*

Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name,
May thy kingdom, all holy, on earth be the same,
O give to us daily our portion of bread,
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.
Forgive our transgressions and teach us to know,
That humble compassion that pardons each foe,
Save us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory, for ever: Amen.

42.—*Sunday School.*

Hail! the blessed Sabbath School,
Hail! the spot whose mildest rule,
Has won our hearts in peace and love,
Has won our hearts in peace and love,
And when our feet were want to roam,
Constrained us to its happy home,
Let all our voices loud resound;
In praise of joys that here abound,
For in these walls, the truth we find,
To cleanse the heart and light the mind.
Then come and hail the Sabbath School,
The happy, happy Sabbath School,
And while we bend beneath its rule,
We love to hail the Sabbath School.

43.—*The Happy Land.*

1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as the day,
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Lord let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay
Oh we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams ev'ry eye;

Kept by a Father's hand,
  Love cannot die,
Oh, then to glory run—
Be a crown and kingdom won—
And bright above the sun;
  We reign for aye.

44.—*Lovely Rose.*

1 Of late so brightly glowing,
    Lovely rose,
We here behold thee growing,
    Lovely rose,
Thou seem'st some angel's care,
Summer's breath was warm around thee,
Summer's beams with beauty crown'd thee,
    So sweetly fair.

2 The blast too rudely blowing,
    Lovely rose,
Thy tender form o'erthrowing,
    Lovely rose,
Alas! hath laid thee low,
Now amid thy native bed,
Envious weeds with branches spread,
    Unkindly grow.

3 No freshing dew of morning,
    Lovely rose,
Thy infant buds adorning,
    Lovely rose,
To thee shall days restore,
Zephers soft, that late caress'd thee,
Evening smiles, that parting bless'd thee,
    Return no more.

45.—*Round—Cheerily.*

Cheerily, cheerily sound the strain,
Happily, happily meet again,
All, all, all, are here.

46.—*The Pear Tree.*

1 Out in a beautiful field,
There stands a pretty pear tree
Pretty pear tree with leaves;
What is there on the tree?
A very pretty branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground.

2 *Solo* 1. What is there on the branch?
Solo 2. A very pretty bough,
Coro Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

3 *Solo* 1. What is there on the bough?
Solo 2. A very pretty nest;
Coro Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

4 *Solo* 1. What is there in the nest?
Solo 2. A very pretty egg;
Coro Egg in the nest,
Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Out in a beautiful field, &c,

5 *Solo* 1. What is there in the egg!
Solo 2. A very pretty bird;
Coro Bird in the egg,
Egg in the nest,
Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

47.—*Children go To and Fro.*

1 Children go to and fro,
In a merry pretty row,
Footsteps light, faces bright,
Tis a happy, happy sight,
Swiftly turning round and round,
Do not look upon the ground,
Follow me, full of glee,
Singing merrily.
Singing merrily, merrily, merrily, (*repeat.*)
Follow me, full of glee, singing merrily.

2 Birds are free, so are we,
And we live as happily;
Work we do, study too,
Learning daily something new:
Then we laugh, and run and sing,
Gay as birds or any thing;
Follow me, &c.

3 Work is done, play's begun,
Now we have our laugh and fun;
Happy days pretty plays,
And no naughty, naughty ways;
Holding fast to each other's hand,
We're a cheerful happy band,
Follow me, &c.

48.—*He doeth all things well.*

I remember how I loved her, when a little guiltless child
I saw her in the cradel as she looked on me and smiled
My cup of happiness was full, my joy, words cannot tell;
And I blessed the glorious giver, 'who doeth all things well.

Months pass'd that bud of promise, was unfolding every hour,
I thought that earth had never smile'd upon a fairer flowe'r
So beautiful it well might grace the bow'rs where angels dwell,
And waft its fragrance to his throne who doeth all things well.

That star went down in beauty yet it shineth sweetly now,
I the bright and dazzling coronet, that decks the Saviour's brow,
She bowed to the Destroyer whose shafts none may repel,
But we know, for God hath told us, 'He doeth all things well."

I remember well my sorrow, as I stood beside her bed,
And my deep, and heartfelt anguish, when they told she was dead,
And oh! that cup of bitterness let not my heart rebel,
God gave, he took, he will restore "He doeth all things well,"

49.—*Try Again.*

'Tis a lesson you should heed, try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed, try, try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear, try, try again.

If you find your task is hard, try, try again,
Time will bring you your reward, try, try again,
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view, try, try again.

50.—*The Hobby Horse.*

1 Hop, hop, hop, nimble as a top,
Over hill and valley bounding,
'Midst your clinking hoofs resounding,
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,
Nimble as a top.

2 Hwo, hwo, hwo, hwo, how like fun you go,
Stop, you jade, I tell you—tell you,
If you don't I'll surely sell you,
Hwo, hwo, hwo, hwo, hwo,
How like fun you go.

3 Spare, spare, spare, sure enough we're there.
Very well my little pony,
Safe's our jaunt, though rough and stony:
Spare, spare, spare, spare, spare,
Sure enough we're there.

4 Here, here, here, yes my pony dear,
Now with oats and hay I'll treat you,
And with smiles will ever great you,
Pony, pony, dear, yes my pony dear.

51.—*Merry May.*

1 Hail all hail! thou merry month of May,
We will hasten to the woods away,
Among the flowers so sweet and gay;
Then away to hail the merry merry May,
The merry merry May,
Then away to hail
The merry merry month of May.

2 Hark, hark, hark, to hail the month of May.
How the songsters warble on the spray,
And we will be as blithe as they,
Then away to hail, &c.

52.—*When shall we meet again*

1 When shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever,
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes, never no never.

2 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever,
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever,
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes
Our songs of praise shall close, never no never.

53.—*Silent Night.*

1 Silent night, hallowed night,
Loud and deep silent sleep,
Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star
Beckoning Israel's eyes from afar,
Where the Saviour is born.

2 Silent night, hallowed night,
On the plain wake the strain,
Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,
Fraught with tidings of boundless delight,
Jesus the Saviour has come.

3 Silent night, hallowed night,
Earth awake, silence brake,
High your anthems of melody raise,
Sing to Heaven in cordial praise,
Peace forever shall reign.

54.—*French Ode.*

A sure leh frawsay sa fawshaw,
A sure leh frawsay sa fawshaw,
May to daboo ill seh lawah,
May to daboo ill seh lawah,
Lesponyole Latreesyenne,
Lawnclay eh leh Prissyenne,
Mardrow to law poosyare,
Weave leh soh Weave leh soh,
Mardrow to law poosyare,
Weave leh soh dee Cawnoh.

55.—*Awake the Song of Merry Greeting.*

1

Awake the song of merry greeting, sing tra, la,
la, la, la, la, la,
The joy inspiring notes repeating, sing tra, la, la,
la, la, la, la,
Let mirth to wisdom tribute pay,
But yet be happy when we may, sing tra, la, la,
la, la, la, la,
Sing tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Sing tra, la, la, la,
la, la, la.

2

Tis well for thought to have a season,
For study always there's no reason;
We gather knowledge from the past,
To make life happy while it last, sing tra &c.

3

And if the day we give to labor,
The evening's dear to friend and neighbor,
When nature needful rest designed,
To strengthen body and the mind, sing la &c.

56.—*Mountain Maids Invitation*

1

Come, come, come, O're the hills free from care,
In my home true pleasure share, blossoms sweet,
flowers most rare,
Come where joys are found, here the sparkling
dews of morn,
Tree and shrub, with gems adorn,
Jewels bright gaily worn, beauty all around,
Tra la la la tra la la la tra la la la tra la la,
Jewels bright, gaily worn, beauty all around.

2

Come, come, come, not a sigh, not a tear,
E'er is found in sadness hers, music soft breathing
near,
Charms away each care, birds in joyous hours a-
mong
Hill and dale with grateful song,
Sweetest strain here prolong, vocal all the air,
Tra la la la tra la la tra la la la tra la la,
Sweetest strains, here prolong, Vocal all the air.

3

Come, come, come, to my own woodland home,
Where I ever love to roam, free as air and alone,
Purest joys are mine ne'er was found a bliss so
pure,
Never joys so long endure,
Come with me, and secure joys that ne'er decline,
Tra la la la tra la la tra la la la tra la la.

57,—*Daughter of Zion.*

Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er the hills dawns the daystar of gladness,
Arise, for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.

2

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them
And scattered their legions, was mightier far:
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them,
How vain were their steeds and the chariots of war.

3

Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel shall be:
Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee,
The oppresser is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

58.—*Native Land.*

God bless our native land, firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night,
When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave!
Do thou our country save, by thy great might.

2

For her our prayer shall rise, to God above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who hast heard each sigh, watching each weeping eye,
Be though for ever nigh: God save the state.

59.—*The love of Truth.*

My days of youth tho' not from folly free,
I prize the truth the more the world I see,
I'll keep the straight and narrow path, and lead where'er it may,
The voice of truth I'll follow and obey.

2

My footsteps lead, O truth and mould my will
In word and deed my duty to fulfill;
Dishonest arts and selfish aims, to truth can ne'er belong,
No deed of mine, shall be a deed of wrong.

3

The strength of youth, we see it soon decay,
But strong is truth, and stronger every day;
Though falsehood seem a mighty power which we
in vain assail,
The power of truth will in the end prevail.

60.—*Come to the Sabbath School.*

BY J. K.

1 Come, come, come,
Come to the Sabbath School,
The child's delightlful home,
Where hearts with joy are full,
When the blessed Sabbath's come,
Sweet are the joys we share,
To hear of his pure love,
Who makes the young his care,
And guides to scenes above.
Come, come, &c.

2 Bright is the early dawn,
Of the day we love thee best,
We hail its lovely sun,
As it brings the day of rest,
When the shades of evening spread,
Peace guards our little hearts,
We feel no conscious dread,
As the Sabbath day departs,
Come, come,

3 Sing, sing, sing, &c.
Sing to the Saviour here,
Whom angels sing on high,
We feel his mercy near,
Though his throne is in the sky,
Close by his side we cling,
And know his care is given,
His praise, O! may we sing,
With angel choir in heaven,
Come, come, &c.